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18,
1930

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See Page 30



THERE is a true art in the thing made perfectly for its purpose. To that rare measure the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire conforms. Built, without regard to cost, to be the finest tire the world had ever seen, the Double Eagle remains not alone the model but the aspiration of the industry it adorns. It has been resembled, copied, imitated. Still it stands apart and alone. As is the case with the authentic masterpiece, attempts to pattern it have served only to emphasize the solitary excellence of the original.



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GOOD YEAR

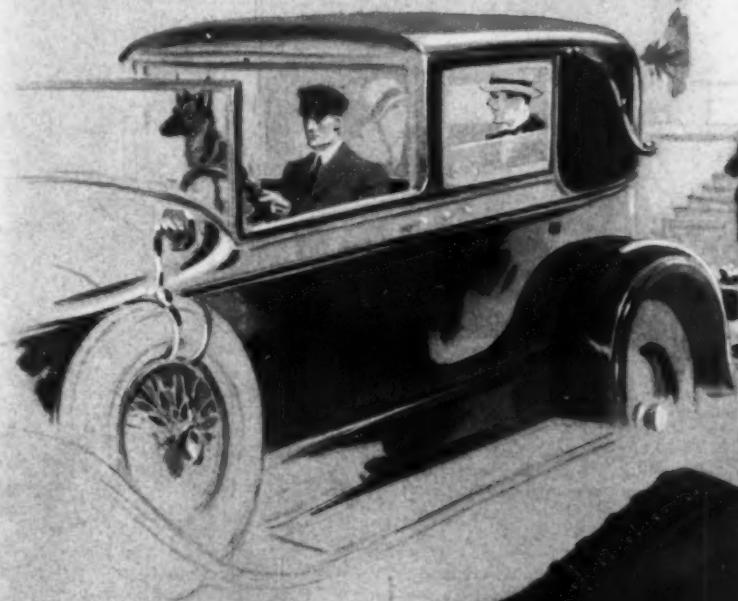
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From the New Books Spiritual

I got a complex; you got a complex—
All God's chillun got things.
You are neurotic; I got suppressions;
All God's chillun got things.

Heb'n! Heb'n!
M'yeh, Heb'n!

I got a summons; you got sinus
trouble—

All God's chillun got things.
You are a book-keeper; I am worse off;
She can't get married; he got married—
All God's chillun got things.

Heb'n! Heb'n!
Go tell papa!

—From *Year In, You're Out*,
by Samuel Hoffenstein.

It was Chrysis' reiterated theory of life that all human beings—save a few mysterious exceptions who seemed to be in possession of some secret from the gods—merely endured the slow misery of existence, hiding as best they could their consternation that life had no wonderful surprises after all and that its most difficult burden was the incommunicability of love.

—*The Woman of Andros*,
by Thornton Wilder.

The strangest part of it was that we were comparatively happy. However chided the Village may be, I will say for it that one's friends do not desert when one is reduced to cheese parings and crusts. Because Penny was pretty and I was one of the best listeners ever born, we became the recognized gathering place for a coterie of bright young things whose wits, sharpened by empty bellies, would nightly send beautiful words soaring among the stars. They had the temerity to fly their kites in heaven and were sometimes rewarded by a blinding flash of beauty which would travel down the tenuous connecting link of thought.

—*My Wives*, Anonymous.

I think most people around middle age would be reconciled an' fairly happy if it wuzn' fer the "twenty-five years ago today" columns.

—*Abe Martin's Town Pump*,
by Kin Hubbard.

ANGKOR—



"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, "I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."

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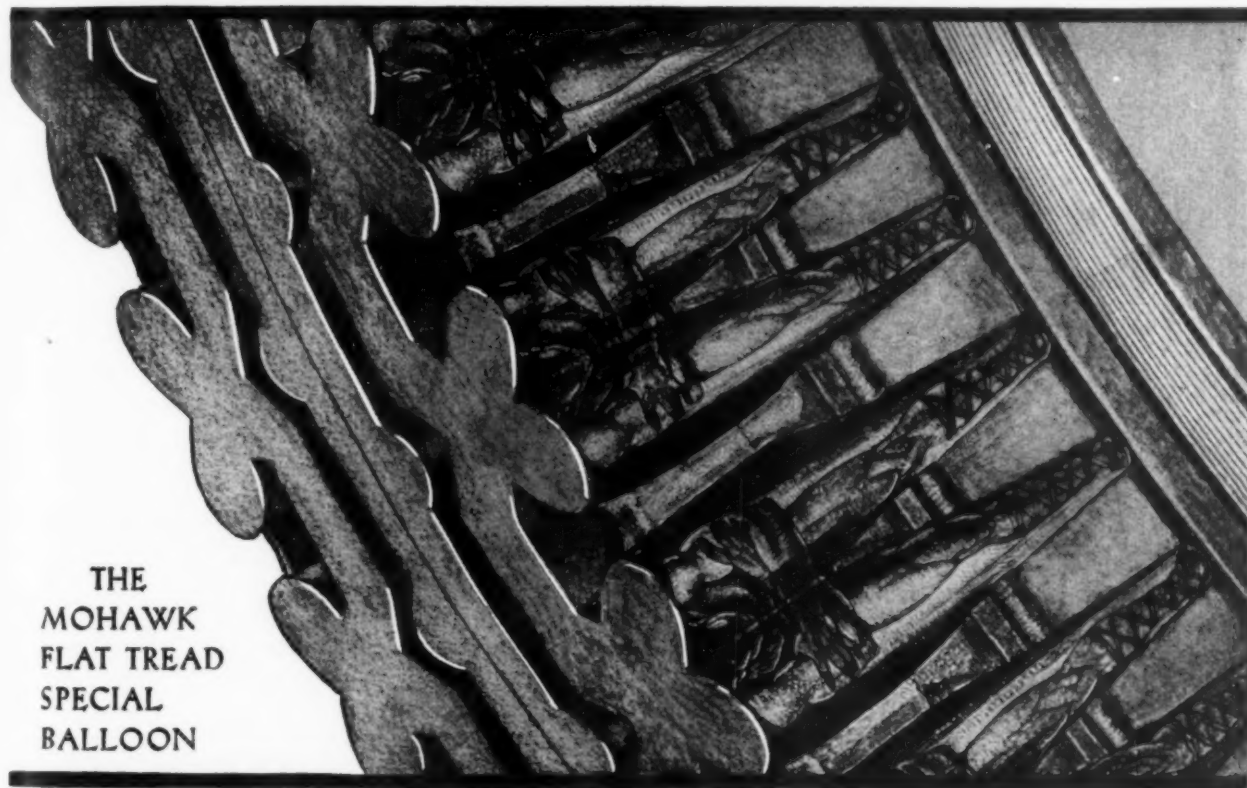


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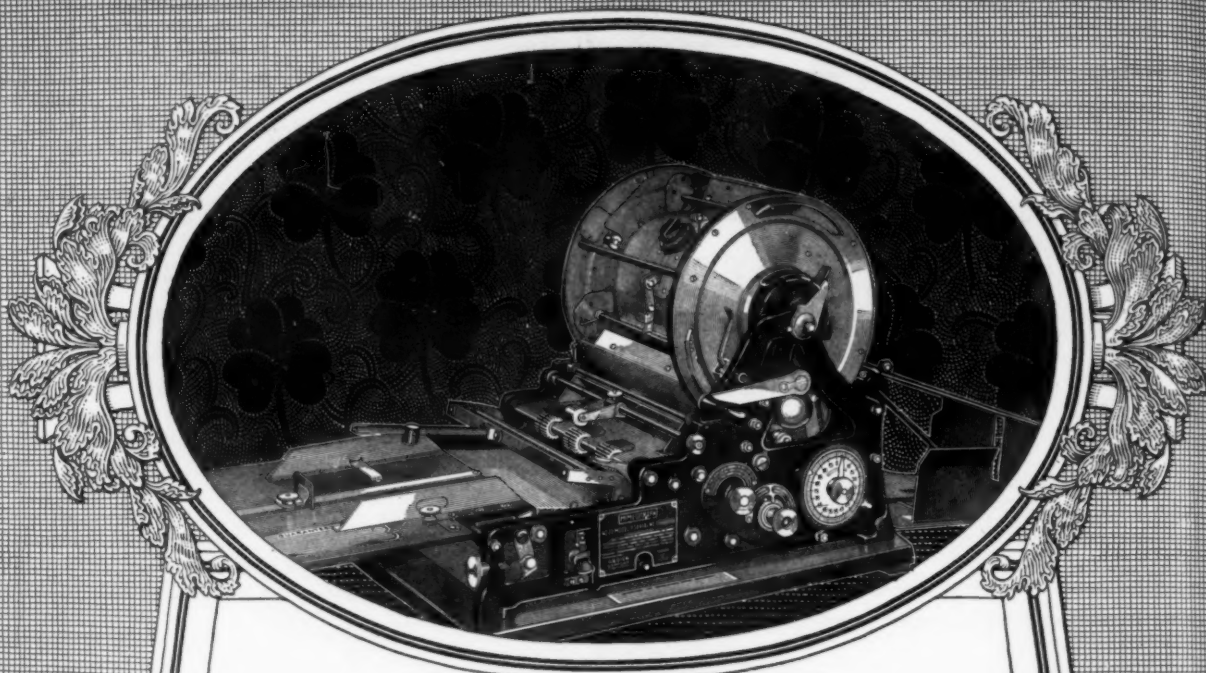
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M I M E O G R A P H



Life



"It's all right, Mabel, I thought I'd bring along a Red Cap."



"Just a minute, while I shut off th' radiol!"

GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Bank Robbries.
Law Biding Citazins.
Forn Layber.
Joovniles.

Dumb Dora tells us her radio is so out of date that last night she got the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

They don't need traffic cops in a speakeasy, but there they are.

THE HEIGHT OF FORGETFULNESS.

The man who asked, "who is that bird who's been flying around the South Pole?"



NUMBER 97465982: *Oh, pardon me, old fellow, my error!*

(6)

Scott Shots

A sense of humor can be a real handicap to a man when he has to explain the comic strips to his children.

One of the most difficult of all card tricks is how to get out of making a fourth at bridge.

The best thing about lettuce is that it's never served fried.

Our own idea is that the United States will never be completely dry as long as there are paper towels.

Some New York apartments are so small that there isn't room enough to swing a cat or throw a party.

A college education is like an automobile. You never know what to do with it when you go to work.

It looks as if unemployment were spreading. There seem to be more vice presidents than ever before.

The typical modern executive is just a man who talks golf all morning in the office and business all afternoon on the links.

It was a Chicago gangster who complained that his apartment hadn't room enough to swing a gat.

—W. W. Scott.

The Conservative Shepherd To His Love

I fear I'm not the pagan kind:
I'll have to worship you by proxy;
For idols don't fit in, I find,
With orthodoxy.

Ah, no: the love of which I sing is
Connected with no heathen vice.
(I always think the other thing is
Not quite nice).

Not ours, the passions bold and gay
That put the skids to Tyre and
Joppa;
But, in a nice old-fashioned way,
Mamma love Papa?

—Norman R. Jaffray.



A one-man show!

Saturday Afternoon

The realization that you're getting fat and stodgy. The vow to begin exercising again. The determination to start playing golf, and right now when you have an entire afternoon to kill. The decision that it's such a long way to the golf club and the relief at remembering that your driver is broken. The switch to tennis. The toying with the idea of calling somebody up and trying to fix up a tennis game. The relief upon discovering that every possible opponent is out of town or too busy to play. The determination to go out and take a long, brisk walk.

The abandonment of the idea because there are a couple of clouds in the sky and it might rain. The possibility of going to the club and playing handball. The acute fatigue produced by the very thought of so strenuous a game as handball. The firm resolution to take at least ten minutes of calisthenics every morning. The strong suspicion that you'll never get around to starting. The irresistible couch. The dull novel. The delicious drowsy sensation, intermingled with self-contempt. The comforting recollection of the girl who said you looked so much better now that you had put on some weight. The long nap.

—Robert Lord.



"Madam, we're ready to broadcast your talk on Brussels sprouts!"



"Wish I had a house like that!"

(8)



"I find it most difficult to live on a budget, don't you?"
 "Do I? Why I had to insert two mistakes last month to make it balance!"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

O, Mr. President, I want to see Congress throw its protecting arms around the young man and around the young woman in America, the proud offspring of the American home, the priceless jewel of the American fire-side, the boy and girl made in God's image. I want to protect them from this devilish literature that foreigners are bringing in and trafficking among our people.

—Senator Heflin.

New York has been awfully proud and happy in its experience in meeting and greeting its distinguished visitors from abroad. We are glad to show that we are not the dollar chasing Nation that they all tell us about.

—Grover Whalen.

There isn't a town in Kansas where I cannot go as a stranger and get a very good drink within fifteen minutes.

—Walter W. Liggett.



"And little Red Riding Hood said to the wolf
 —Say, who do you think you are, anyway?"

He who turned water into wine might today be shot down in cold blood by one of the armed enforcement agents of my Government and the killer might be given a vote of thanks by Congress for his acts.

—Henry B. Joy, Detroit Capitalist.

The marvel of all history is the patience with which men and women submit to burdens unnecessarily laid upon them by their governments.

—Senator Borah.

Speaking of wild asses, as Senator Moses did recently, the Boston herd seems one of the largest in the country.

—Heywood Brown.

Unfortunately, old Neptune, a respecter of no personage or occasion—even Halcyone herself—started grumbling and waving his trident as Miss Vulcania passed the rock of Hercules; the seas got rough, the skies gloomy, and I assumed a horizontal position, in which I remained quite cold for the count of four days.

—James Joseph Tunney.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *lives* with a *w* and get a busy man's chair.
- (2) Scramble *tunes* with an *r* and get what a communist hopes for.
- (3) Scramble *tried* with a *c* and get something you've often tried to get.
- (4) Scramble *cared* with an *a* and get a place to drop your pennies.
- (5) Scramble *moaner* with an *f* and get someone to make you work.
- (6) Scramble *interim* with an *s* and get someone to marry you.

(Answers on Page 32)



"Keep right on, Captain, it's not worth stopping for."

Dilley Dallying

Henry Ford is against prohibition, but still he keeps on manufacturing those little tin cocktail shakers.

A Scotchman is a man who can come out of a five and ten cent store with one package.

If a woman driver ahead of you signals a left turn, be very, very careful. She may turn left.

I can set my watch by my stenographer. When she starts working like blue blazes it's five minutes to five.

If you're a married man you should have two cars. This will enable your wife to have one to drive while you're getting the one she smashed repaired.

—James L. Dilley.



R.B. FULLER

The poet starts his "Ode to a sea nymph."



SINBAD
It's a great game!
(11)



The Lost Battalion.

Life in Washington

THE Methodist Amendment appears to be going West, in both senses. The best the "drys" have been able to produce is a "sheep-dip" cocktail of ginger plus carbolic acid—a short, hot drink which produces temporary paralysis. Prohibitionists prefer to imbibe its mental equivalent in political "sheep-dip," bigotry plus cock-eyed economics. Canada is preparing to outlaw liquor clearances to the United States, and an ex-Premier of Ontario testified that the "Canadian System" was a failure. His evidence did not disclose the fact that he is a life-long Prohibitionist who lost his job on a wet-dry election.

The wet wave is washing far above the previous high-liquor mark. Even George Wickersham told the Senate Judiciary Committee that Wesley Jones' "five and ten" law wouldn't work. The Massachusetts Democrats are running a wet Congressional Minister for Senator. Princeton voted wet, nine to one, 44.2% of Princeton men confessing themselves heavy drinkers. This is effective, even if it is not news. The Anti-Saloon League and the Presbyterians began yelling "Fraud!" as the Funk & Wagnalls plebiscite registered a million and a quarter ballots, running (nay, wringing) wet, 2½ to 1. Senator Caraway decided to call the wet and dry lobbies before his sniffing committee.

The prosperity which passes understanding passed a dividend when the income tax fell \$20,000,000 short of the estimate, but Andy Mellon touched a

new high at 75, Julius Barnes sang that old Booster spiritual, "The business of the country is fundamentally sound," while Owen Young baritoned the Far West that "America is too rich to be loved." This will be news to the unemployed. The Senate voted \$383,000,000 to relieve the fundamentally sound condition of business, Wall Street had a couple of ticker-picnics, and Coolidge's bank in Northampton closed its doors. The ex-President did not lose his deposits, however, as he did not choose to have a run on his bank.

The Senate anticipated April First, by letting out the Tariff, after making

1253 changes in the bill. Jim Davis decided he wouldn't run as Senator on the tariff issue, after all, and Smoot laid it at the feet of the Republican Party, with a weak but happy smile.

The fight will last a couple of months more, culminating in a veto or in chaos.

The naval conference came out of its catalepsy and began babbling of consultative pacts just as the autopsy was about to begin . . . Frank Kellogg told the world that it had never been so peaceful and that the Kellogg Pact was so perfect that it needed no addition . . . Hoover agreed to evacuate Haiti and end military government. That is more than he will do for the District of Columbia . . . The Radio Commission asks the Department of Justice to arrest the State of Michigan, because the Governor is erecting a radio station for police purposes. If it was only to advertise ginger-ale or to turn high-powered sopranos loose with Rudolf Friml and Victor Herbert, Michigan would have no trouble . . . The man of the week whom the President most envies is said to be the Prince of Wales, who took moving pictures of a charging Bull Elephant while somebody else killed the beastly emblem of the Old Guard Republicans.

—J. F.

Among the people whose business is fundamentally sound is the family in the apartment overhead.



BIG BUSINESS EXECUTIVE: Good heavens! What'll I do! The phone is ringing and my secretary is out to lunch!



Fifty million Americans can't be wrong!

IN THE third report of the *Literary Digest* poll Kansas still remains the only dry state listed. The other nineteen all return wet majorities, ranging from less than 2 to 1 for such former arid spots and Anti-Saloon League strongholds as Georgia, Oregon and South Dakota, to more than 6 to 1 for New York.

But, of course, these nineteen states don't count. Everybody is out of step but Kansas! Listen to the proud editor of the *Wichita Beacon*. "Kansas Prohibition sentiment," he exults, "leads the nation . . . As Kansas is dry, so stays America."

What fine, wholesome philosophy! It is not enough for inhibited Kansas that she should remain as dry as she pleases. She must equip all her sister states with the same hair shirt. This form of benevolence animates the entire prohibition cause and accounts for the methods used in harnessing the country with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

It is a grave question whether at any time a popular majority in the United States favored prohibition. But

that has never bothered the Anti-Saloon League. It has studiously fought every submission of the question to the people, being interested only in packing the various legislatures with its yes men. To this end referenda are worse than a nuisance. What is needed is the quiet persistence of an organized minority that picks up a balance of power in district after district until it has euchred the opposition out of its political representation. Majorities, state's rights, the spirit of the Constitution? Piffle!

The formula works, as we all know. It is still working. There is no doubt today that a substantial majority of Americans bitterly resent the prohibition yoke. But to throw it off they, too, must organize in district after district and support only those candidates for office who are for repeal, regardless of other issues. Watch your state legislator and your Congressman; vote only for the anti-prohibitionist. Otherwise you will continue, as the boastful editor prophesies, to dance to the tune that Kansas calls, like the grasshoppers of her sun-baked prairies.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

MARCH 27 — Reading through some of my old text-books this morning, finding great fascination in those devoted to rhetoric and composition, in especial the lists of inaccuracies and faulty diction set down for our correction, and well recalling the day when to my lot fell "Upon entering the room the visitor's eye is struck by a porcelain umbrella." Then Edna on the telephone for a time, quitting it with the conviction that, albeit man's inhumanity to man may make countless thousands mourn, that of woman to woman is, upon occasion, provocative of deep-chested sobs, for there was Mary Giddings telling me at the eleventh hour that she could not make a fourth at bridge this afternoon, and I with old Mistress Wilkins on my hands, having pledged myself to get up a game for her, a trying business at any time, since she will make such remarks as, "Lots of people would bid hearts on this hand, but I'm going to pass," and tears up the score, which she insists on keeping, as soon as she has satisfied herself as to its approximate value. Moreover, Mary had no excuse for her defection save



LIFE'S Summer Cottage Contest

What's in a name? Every inhabitant in these United States who happens to own a summer cottage thinks that the name *he* has painted over the front door is just about as clever as all get-out. Well, here's his chance to cash in on it! LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for cottage names that are *really* clever. Come on, you summer cottagers!

nervous indigestion, nor could I dissuade her from keeping to her bed, even with such bait as champagne and a nurse. So Samuel, poor wretch, did stop at home to help me out, after I did promise him to let my hair grow long again and have clam fritters for dinner.

MARCH 28—Telling my husband this and that, in especial how I have never understood Tennyson's drift

about the flower in the crannied wall, nor how the acquisition of botanical intelligence would contribute towards an understanding of the cosmic mysteries, which led us into a brawl about nature and art, on the rating of which we are not in agreement, for albeit I am second to none in appreciating the grandeur and glories of landscape, and share the average man's feeling of insignificance whilst gazing at the stars or the sea, I do personally derive more inspiration from a stirring saga or a great symphony, and were I ever put to it to extract a sermon from a stone, I should be helpless indeed. Samuel, hearing such admissions, did immediately assign me to Matthew Arnold's school of culture instead of Walter Pater's, which he does fancy himself to grace, and Lord! you would have thought he had condemned me

to some disreputable faction, from the way he went on about it, and so excited did he grow in pointing his arguments that he broke his coffee cup. A delicious odor coming from the kitchen, so out to find Katie baking a fine batch of cookies, and chipping bits of citron into them, so filched a great piece of the latter and ate it in defiance of the doctor's orders and the Conti-

(Continued on Page 34)



Cop: An automobile backfiring I guess.

Life's LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

Connoisseur of Silence
Like every Noise, every bit of
Noiselessness also has its
distinctive Quality
and Tone.



"The noises this small world offers us," says Jules DeFlargue, "can all be heard before you're thirty. After that, to live to the fullest, one must learn to enjoy the various forms of silence!" The "Father of the art of Silence-fancying" is shown enjoying his favorite . . . that piquant noiselessness that emanates from a picture-wire supporting the portrait of a billiard ball nestling in a basket of wool.

"For seven years," writes a silence-connoisseur, "I have been held in Persia by the most exquisite silence of them all. Every afternoon at 5:15 I hide nearby while the master-at-arms calls the roll of the Psah's private guard. The most subtle silence of the whole mysterious orient is that hushed fraction of a second when he quietly pauses before reading out the name of Aliha badab Aladadababababadad."



When something unusual in silences tickles Hadrian Nellit's fancy, "the Bloomsbury dilettante" buys it regardless of cost. Nellit recently paid \$35,000.00 to import a single Gwelphotamus from the remote Golorpian Peninsula. "A mite dear perhaps," admits Nellit, "but well worth it when you consider that serene brand of noiselessness created by the gentle to-and-fro motion of his ears when the Gwelphotamus is smelling lavender."

New York Life

"Word" Control

THERE is so much talk these days about "control," *armament, birth, liquor, etc.*, that a great light has suddenly dawned upon me . . . why not "word" control among writers, and especially columnists! . . .

if there is anything that needs paring down it is our current day literature, not only in number



of subjects, but the amount of words used . . . practically all writers who have a required amount of space to fill, and the ones who are paid by the word, lose all idea of "temperance" when it comes to a typewriter . . . they can't take it or leave it alone . . . they run on like the well known babbling brook . . . there isn't one in a hundred who has enough really interesting material at hand to fill out his required quota so they all resort to "padding" . . . and this "inflation" idea isn't confined to the scribblers . . . it's the good old American custom all down the line, from the bootlegger who waters his Scotch to the butcher who adds his hand to the scales . . . just to show that my heart is in the right place I'm going to start the movement for "Word" control and cut this department down to one page! . . . hereafter we stand for "Honest weight!"

Grade "A"

Here's a brand new racket that certainly can be referred to as the milk of human kindness . . . in a well known suburb about forty-five minutes

from Broadway an enterprising bootlegger delivers the "stuff" from house to house in a milk wagon and in milk bottles! . . . the insides of the bottles are painted white and they are left on the back step along with their innocent sisters . . . the customers leave notes in the "empties" for the day's requirements . . . the sign on the wagon is the "Three Star Dairy!"

Things I've Never Seen

Senator Brookhart coming out of a speakeasy.

Mayor Walker working.

Helen Morgan sitting on a flagpole.

Walter Winchell under a bed.

Grover Whalen in black pajamas.

Katherine Cornell imitating Ethel Barrymore.

Alexander Woolcott eating cream puffs at the Algonquin.

Richard Haliburton swimming at the Barbizon.

Peter Arno.

Rudy Vallée.

Amos 'n Andy.



New York Notes

Then there's the man who dined at Sardi's in order to get his name in the papers . . . not to mention the Automat change clerk who took a job on a Fifth Avenue bus to get out of a rut . . . Barney Gallant thinks a Senator-at-large is one out of jail . . . night clubs that serve liquor add to the menu an *under-couvert* charge . . . The five and ten cent stores now sell flasks and they are Woolworth it . . . then there's the bird who came to New York and looked up at the largest building in the world and said "Chrysler! What a building!"

Our Own Serial

The Main Stem Murders

(Synopsis—Who killed Walter Watchall? Who cares? Who killed all them columnists? Ye Gods, this must stop! Chorus of readers—Yes, for Pete's sake!)

Philo Nance, the great detective, winked at the Police commissioner. "Wal, I see by the papers—"

Moby Dick's pencilled eyebrows shot skyward. "Don't tell me they got Bill Rogers!"

Nance grinned. "Yep! And I've got the murderer!"

"No!" hoarsed Moby Dick. "Whom is he?"

"Really, Moby!" murmured Nance. "Your grammar!"

"What!" cried the commissioner. "You accuse her?"

(Continued next week!)



"Midnight Movies"

WESLEY JONES AND THE WRECK OF No. 18

(Another of these Home-Brew Mountain Ballads)
To the tune of "Casey Jones"

Oh, come all ye Senators that want to hear,
A story of the banishment of booze and beer.
The Eighteenth Amendment was its terrible name
And indifference of the public was the thing to blame.

Back in 1920 when reform was strong,
Little Andrew Volstead said, "It won't take long."
The Drys then passed a law that made the nation sore,
And Volstead hasn't said a word since twenty-four.

Old Wesley took the throttle back in twenty-eight
He said, "By Andy Volstead! Now it ain't too late
To sentence every guilty man to five long years
For the sale and manufacture of light wines and beers."

He looked at the budget and the funds were low.
He looked at the killings and the killings were slow.
He turned to the Senate and said, "Boys, don't flop!
Here's a highly moral issue that you don't dare drop!"

But then it wasn't long before he reached the place
Where James M. Beck was starin' right in his face.
The Women's Christian Temperance gals remained quite mute
And the district attorneys dassn't prosecute.

Now Mr. Walsh and Wheeler said, "It's not too late
For the well-known Senate to investigate!"
And LaGuardia was certain by the Methodist moans
That the man at the bottle was old Wesley Jones.

Clarence True Wilson got an awful rash
When his pet Amendment started goin' to smash.
He said, "Get out you deacons now and peddle your junk,
We'll elect another Congress with the same old bunk!"

And Clarence said, "Dear Brethren before you die
There's just another penalty you ought to try,
A noble experiment you really should make:
Burn the runners and bootleggers at the red-hot stake!"

But Wesley said to Clarence, "I've a better idea,
The Coast Guard approves it so their duty is clear
We'll furnish every chaser with a shiny new gun
And they'll fill 'em full of bullets while they're on the run!"

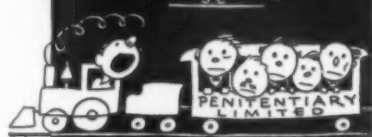
But the Drys are sittin' round and feelin' mighty blue,
Everything looks dark for nineteen thirty-two.
The moving hand is writing big and wet on the wall
"Congressional elections goin' to come this fall!"

Chorus: Wesley Jones! Congressional elections!
Wesley Jones! Comin' this fall!
Wesley Jones! Congressional elections.
Congressional elections goin' to come this fall!

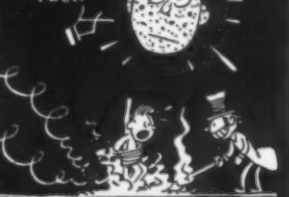
—J. F.



"IT WON'T
BE
LONG"



Clarence's
rash



PROHIBITION—
MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN



Congressional
Glee Club
singing the
praises of
Prohibition.

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

THE enormous popularity at the moment—this is being written at 10:33 A. M. on Wednesday—of Amos an' Andy (or, as some scholars render it, Amos 'n' Andy) who do their stuff over the radio every evening at an hour when right-minded citizens ought to be thinking of going to the theatre, is the latest fancy reason to be advanced to explain the falling off in the theatre's box office receipts. It is, of course, a very good reason. There are a lot of people who would rather stop at home and listen in on Amos an' (or 'n') Andy than go to the theatre. There are also countless multitudes who are laid up with nervous dyspepsia and can't get out to go to the theatre, even if they wanted to. There are, furthermore, thousands of people in this country who prefer staying at home of an evening and quarreling with their mates, or making gin, or reading Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi" to going to the theatre; and all these things have their effect on the box office. But the reason receipts have fallen off—if they really have—is the same as it always has been since 431 B. C. when the box office was invented. It is: bad plays.

Good authors to write good plays are born to one in several billion mothers once in a lifetime and good authors often write no more than one or two good plays, but people won't come to see bad plays, and there's that. If you put on stuff like "I Want My Wife" or "Broadway Shadows" you won't draw in any customers, which is an excellent thing for the general health of the theatre. I wasn't exactly a customer—I get paid for going—but if I had paid \$3 to see "I Want My Wife" I should have stayed at home every evening for two months, playing Canfield, to get the bad taste out of my mouth and to get even with theatrical producers as a class.

In "House Afire" there is a faint spark of an idea—an idea that should have been written as an editorial for the *New York Herald-Tribune* and not as a play. It fiddles with the notion of people in the suburbs who are instalment plan slaves. Ibsen could have done something rather neat with such an idea, perhaps, but the author of "House Afire" has done simply another of those pathetically dull and tedious little domestic comedies that come in

the Spring. Even a house afire and a stage full of leaping actors failed to liven things up for an instant.

There is a talented goat actor in "Dear Old England" who plays an important rôle with considerable distinction—he eats the dispossess papers, nightly, from the wicked landlord's hand—but the lines given the human actors are repetitious and deadly.

"Troyka" is a sombre, gray patch from the Hungarian, laid in a prison camp on Sakhalin Island. Two of the



And, of course, this, too, has its effect on the box office.

convicts love a woman, and love her, and love her, until the sandman comes round for all the ladies and gentlemen propped up in the orchestra chairs. The woman happens to be Zita Johann, which is a pity. An actress wasted.

Maybe there have been some more little plays like these recently, but I can't call them to mind. I heard Maurice Chevalier—in person—sing "Valentine" the other night and it acted as a most pleasant and efficacious chaser to all these little plays that make box office receipts what they are today. In the meantime, let Amos an' Andy do their worst, you don't hear any complaints about the box office receipts from the theatres housing "The Green Pastures," "Strictly Dishonorable," "Topaze," and half-a-dozen other such entertainments. That low, sobbing sound comes from their managers, keening the fact that they can't squeeze

in another seat, on account of the fire laws, or boost the price of admission, on account of the law of gravity.

When the musical comedy and revue producers complain of not making money, they are talking about money, and it's another matter. If the proprietor of a peanut wagon rented a shop in Fifth Avenue and fitted it out with a solid gold whistle and engaged the Queen of Roumania and Senator Borah as principal salespersons, at salaries of \$4,000 a week each, and if, after all that outlay, he sold only \$30,000 to \$40,000 worth of peanuts and popcorn a week, he would or would not deserve your pity, according to your own peculiar sense of what is right and fair.

But, anyway, the theatre, however stupid it may become, is always better than the movies. Fleeing from "I Want My Wife"—or perhaps it was "Broadway Shadows"—the other night, too early to go to bed, I went to a motion picture basilica and saw a celluloid masterpiece that reminded me vividly of the Stock Company of my childhood memories. It has been a long, long time, now, since anyone in the theatre would have committed any such absurdity as casting a ravishing siren like Greta Garbo in the part of the cheap prostitute and wharf rat that she plays in the talkie version of "Anna Christie." On the stage, this part was created by Pauline Lord, who is an actress of the first class, to begin with, and who has neither the sex appeal nor the chic that renders the rôle ridiculous on the screen. Asking Miss Lord's pardon, she looked the part. If Anna Christie had looked like the Garbo, she would have risen to the top of her profession within a fortnight, taken Old Chris off his coal barge in a platinum Rolls-Royce and robbed the world of a good play.

What is more important, the theatre is still permitted to address itself to intelligent grown-ups. It can call a spade more or less a spade and is not obliged to whittle itself down to innocuous words of one syllable to fit the minds and sensibilities of Will Hays and the Pennsylvania Board of Censors. The play, on the stage, becomes more and more the thing, while in the movies the play is merely a title that the producers buy as part of the wardrobe of a celebrated star.



TWO ASPECTS OF THE FAMILY.

Dorothy Appleby in "Young Sinners" and Constance Collier in "The Matriarch."

(19)

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Man From Blankley's"

AFTER the pretentious dramatics of "General Crack," it is surprising that John Barrymore should appear in "The Man From Blankley's" as his second talkie vehicle. The stories are as different as day from night. In the first he was a soldier of fortune who swaggered about in tight trousers, fed large doses of the Barrymore profile to the camera and took his fighting and loving as part of the day's work. In his second speaking rôle John is a mild-mannered English nobleman who walks into the picture quite spifflicated and doesn't draw a sober breath until the story is almost completed.

This reporter was delighted to see Mr. Barrymore return to the type of comedy he does so well . . . though to tell the truth the screen version of "The Man From Blankley's" is not limited to a "type," as it ranges from humorous character study to a broad comedy that borders on slapstick. Through the entire piece Mr. Barrymore's ability as a farceur sustains the interest in the face of a plot that is obviously petering out as it progresses.

John, who is an amateur collector of beetles, starts out to have dinner with a fellow coleopterist whom he has never met, but becomes befuddled by the large load of wine he has taken aboard and staggers into the wrong house. Here he is accepted as a dinner guest because the hostess has phoned an employment agency for a man to make the fourteenth at table, and she thinks John is the hired guest. The amusing situation reaches a classic of humor in a scene during which Mr. Barrymore regales his hostess, Mrs. Tidmarsh, with a graphic description of the home life and personal habits of the Egyptian scarab *ateuchus sacer*.

In selecting the quaint coterie of guests that comprise the Tidmarsh dinner party, Director Alfred Green has collected a group of daguerreotypes that

might have stepped out of the pages of Dickens. At first sight you may feel a bit resentful at the obvious effort to create a humorous atmosphere with the bizarre costumes and makeups, but the expert cast soon makes the caricatures seem real enough.

The Barrymore fans who admire the ability of the star to express admiration for ladies by means of head-locks, strangle-holds and other primitive forms of affection may be disappointed in this film. John's wooing of the lovely Loretta Young is accomplished with

of the patrons of the Roxy Theatre stick their fingers in their ears during two scenes.

The story is an imaginary version of how and why the French national anthem was written. The two principals, John Boles and Laura La Plante, sing songs back and forth at each other throughout the film—songs that were composed by Charles Wakefield Cadman, according to the program. Mr. Cadman may deny this. The singing is so poorly synchronized that it is impossible to tell whether or not a voice double is used for Miss La Plante. Probably so, but it is not important.

We could forgive one of the Frenchmen pronouncing Marseilles as *Marsails*, and forget that Miss La Plante is undecided as to whether her paternal parent is her *pa'pa* or *pa pa'*, but there is no excuse for the poor sound recording.

If this thing ever gets to France they will be more contrary than ever about those submarines.



"Mercy me—no—I shan't send this one to the laundry, Mr. Ruth."

practically no signs of violence.

Worth while for the laughs afforded by Mr. Barrymore's dissertation on scarabs; Emily Fitzroy's performance as Mrs. Tidmarsh; and a bit of low dining-room-humor accomplished by means of a rubber fowl. We also extend thanks to the Misses Tiny Jones and Angella Mawby for a few extra giggles.

"Captain Of The Guard"

THIS film could be properly described as a motion picture with *sound defects*. Whatever entertainment value is offered by the intelligent photography is offset by the sort of blatant and inaccurate recording that makes people say harsh things about the talkies. We actually saw a number

"Mamba"

IF YOU are determined to see "Mamba," we suggest that you get up and go home about the fourth reel. Up to this point the picture is entertaining and rich in promise, but it suddenly loses all vestige of restraint and plunges headlong into a giddy procession of melodramatic hokum that is neither interesting nor believable.

The story, which is laid in East Africa before the World War, is propaganda for more friendly relations between Germany and England, whether the two countries like it or not. Before the war we see German and English officers forming firm friendships over their beer mugs, and after war is declared the film reaches a climax in a scene during which British forces res-

(Continued on Page 27)

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Hobo

NANCY came into the room just in time to hear her mother say, "She doesn't want to see you," and hang up the telephone.

"Who doesn't want to see whom?" said Nancy.

"That was—that was—" Mrs. Smith seemed strangely at a loss. "Davis and Sanford. They wanted to take your picture."

A wild hope leaped up in Nancy's breast. She was suddenly perfectly certain her mother was lying. She said, "Was that Bill Sparks?"

Mrs. Smith looked uncomfortable. She hadn't liked Bill Sparks from the first, and had regarded it as an act of divine providence when he and Nancy had quarreled. She said, "I told you who it was."

Nancy lit a cigarette. She sat down on the edge of her mother's bed. She said, "You're a rotten liar, Ma. You wouldn't even fool Pa with that one."

Mrs. Smith 'bout faced. She rose up behind her breakfast tray until she towered over it. As a little girl Nancy had always been frightened to death by this manoeuvre, now she merely wondered at her mother's agility in achieving it without knocking over the tray.

"Well?" Mrs. Smith allowed an effective pause. "What if it was?"

"Nothing," said Nancy, "only you know damn well I've been waiting for a month to hear from him."

"Nancy! How dare you speak to me that way?"

"Not the heavy maternal, please, Ma. You know you had no right to tell Bill I didn't want to see him. He won't

call again now." Intensely she said, "Where was he calling from? I can get him if I call back. Where was he?"

"I don't remember."

Nancy saw this was true. Mrs. Smith never remembered anything. "He said he was staying at some hotel, but I don't know which."

"And don't care," said Nancy.

"Frankly," said Mrs. Smith, "No. Be reasonable, Nancy. What earthly good is it going to do you to talk to a man whom I won't have inside my house?"

For answer Nancy started for the door.



"You wouldn't even fool Pa with that one."

"Where are you going?"

"Out."

"But you were coming to the Tub with me. You know we agreed to take one of those poor men home for lunch. I can't do it alone. I was counting on you."

Nancy turned and looked at her mother. She said, "I counted on you once, too."

Then she left the room.

In the hall she encountered the butler. It occurred to her vaguely that he was so near the door to her mother's bedroom that he might almost have been listening.

She said, "Strong words, Willing. Did you hear?"

"Yes," said Willingdrift.

"You're a hell of a butler, Willing. How dare you listen at my mother's doah?"

Willingdrift knew she was kidding him. He said, "What's this about the Tub that you're not going to when you said you would?"

"Zero's place, you know. A lot of mother's friends have agreed to go there today and let them send some bum home with each of them for lunch. Uplift," said Nancy. "Philanthropy—applesauce!"

Willingdrift was thinking fast. There being a telephone switchboard in the Smith's house, he knew what the recent war between Nancy and her mother had been about. He said, "Nancy, you promised your mother to go, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you're going."

"Aw, Willing, have a heart. Honestly, she runs me ragged. Ever since we came back from Palm Beach. I'd like to get out. I really would."

"You're going with your mother, Nancy."

She went on as though he hadn't spoken. "Gee, Willing, Pa and Ma—fighting all

the time! I didn't mind so much when Bobby was here, but—"

"Nancy," Willingdrift, who had practically brought her up, had undeniable influence. "You mustn't break promises. Remember, a Smith's bond is his word."

"I know what you mean, anyway," said Nancy. "I'll go."

She went back into her mother's room to tell her so. Willingdrift hurried off. He was smiling.

Nancy went to the Tub. She was so bitterly unhappy about the Bill Sparks thing that, simply to help herself forget it, she worked herself up to quite an enthusiasm about the Philanthropy-Uplift idea. It made her mother a little sorry about what she'd done that morning. One of her pet wishes had always been for Nancy to show some interest in her charitable movements. She felt, as they drove up to the place, that at last she was achieving it.

The bum the Tub people selected for

(Continued on Page 30)

Life at Home



YONKERS, N. Y.—While the population of Yonkers has increased only 21% in ten years, police figures for intoxication show an increase of 133% over ten years ago.

Yonkers is the home town of Fred Victor, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and of former Superintendent William H. Anderson of the same organization.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—The Harvard *Crimson* bursts into verse to the tune of "Frankie and Johnny," anent the case of the scrub women:

Mary and Bridget were scrubbing.

Oh my, how they could scrub!

They were quite true to their dusting

While the foreman watched 'em rub.

They were our pals

But we done 'em wrong.

Then the commission of wages

Came to the rescue with bells.

They told of Harvard's treatment;

There wasn't much they didn't tell

To the public press

How we done 'em wrong.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—A Judge in the City Court here threatened to "lock up" an attorney for giving the Court a "dirty" look.

Maybe he didn't—maybe it was born that way.

HANOVER, N. H.—In answer to questions placed before them, 200 seniors of Dartmouth college said they would marry for money, while 121 declared love would be the object of their marriage. One hundred thirty-four students declared themselves "drinkers," while forty-three were teetotalers. By a fair plurality the class voted that a class in etiquette was the greatest need of a college.

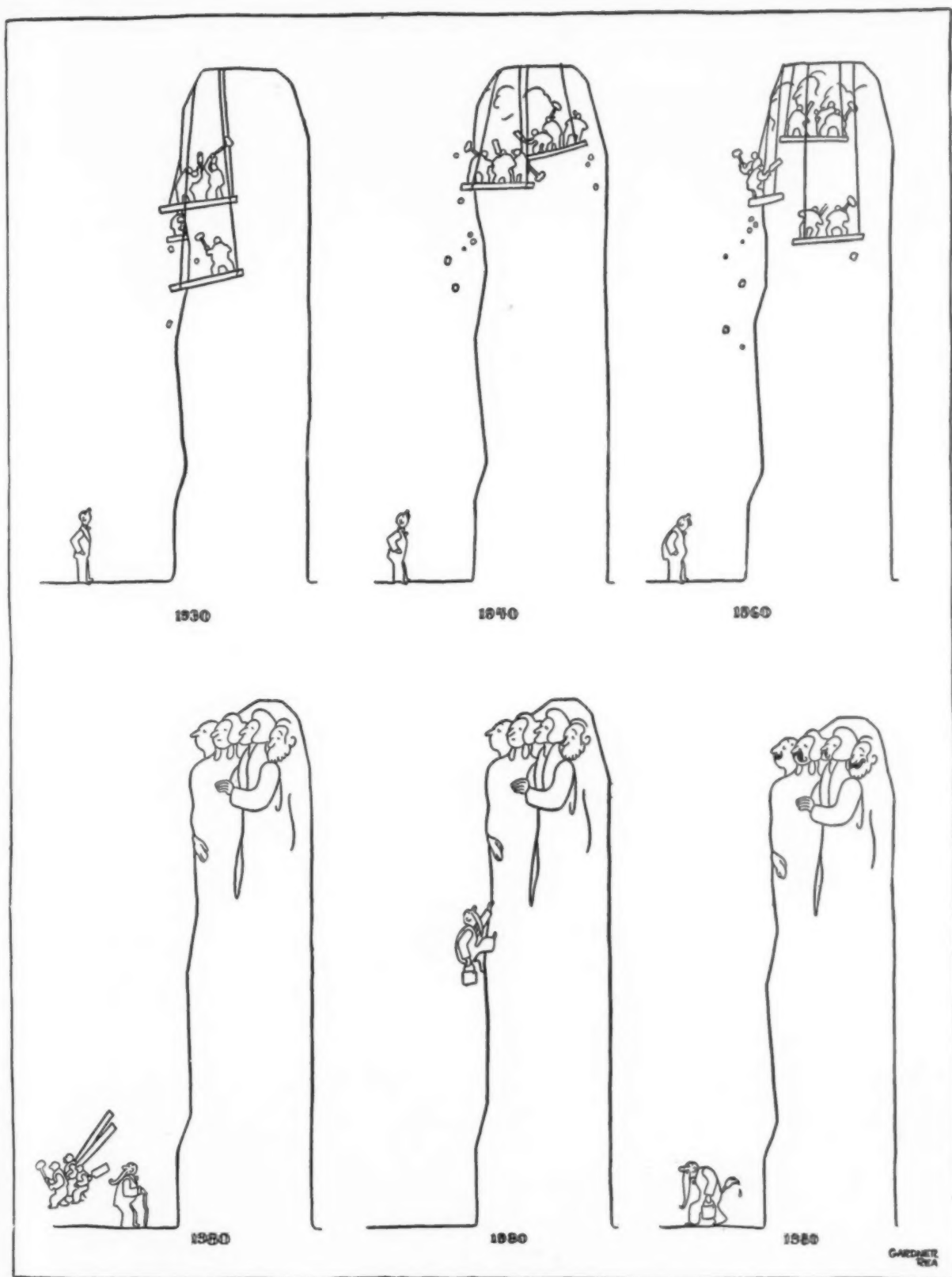
LOS ANGELES—Mrs. Nicholas Thomure wants a divorce from her husband because he persists in taking off his shoes and resting his feet on a table. He does it when they have callers, and worse still, when they go out calling themselves. Judge Holzer said he thought she had suffered enough embarrassment and granted the divorce.

CHICAGO—Prohibition Agent Martin Fitzpatrick, star of the Federal hotel squad, who spent \$500 of Uncle Sam's money buying whiskey from Chicago bellboys, was arrested by police for driving an automobile while intoxicated. "I suffered from vocational ailment," Agent Fitzpatrick explained.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal.—Charles Loeb, twenty-two, of Chicago, had himself nailed in a packing case and shipped to a Los Angeles studio in an attempt to crash into the movies. But the box was opened in the express office, and Loeb's checked trousers, soft-soled dancing shoes, and heavy make-up didn't make a hit with the expressman. He was held on a charge of conspiracy to defeat the interstate commerce laws.



"Mandy, Ah got bad news—Ah lost mah job today!"



The lad who didn't mind waiting—A drama of Stone Mountain.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The sidewalks of New York teeming with life, love and death by violence.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—British officers taking what comes to them, fifty yards behind the front.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—An English inn and its occupants furnish John Drinkwater with a subject for a charming comedy.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Strange doings in a small town. Funny enough to pardon its salaciousness.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Cupid lets fly a dart in a speakeasy. After all, this is the most thoroughly enjoyable comedy in town.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A clever murder before your eyes in a subway car, and its interesting solution.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—10,000 laughs and a catch in the throat or two. Ring Lardner's and George S. Kaufman's comedy of songwriters.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—A modern New Yorker dreams himself into eighteenth century London. Leslie Howard's fine acting.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Bayes*—It's back again. Nothing can kill this rubbish.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *George M. Cohan*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Potash and Perlmutter revamped.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A poor little rich girl and boy have some sofa trouble, with innocent results.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—A nice little play to look at when you feel tough and want softening. Henry Hull and Edith Barrett are good.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Philip Merivale, as Death, takes a few days off among the mortals, to see what it's like.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—This fine artist in a new set of character sketches.

- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A thoroughly civilized and amusing comedy by St. John Ervine and with Grace George. Divorce and remarriage.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Forty-eighth Street*—Cheap and stale comedy about domestic ructions.
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—How to hold your husband, by Donald Ogden Stewart and with Hope Williams.
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell as a cold-blooded murderess.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Morgan in a brilliant satire from the French. How the public officials rob the people in a country without Prohibition.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. The most thrilling and terrifying drama in years.
- ★THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A kept lady marries a Scotch student and dies of it. Helen Menken.
- APRON STRINGS. *Cort*. \$3.85—Jefferson De Angelis must be keeping this slight comedy going.
- ★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—A limping yarn about infidelities in Westchester, by the author of "Broadway."
- ★THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Tarkington's retort to Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" acted by the Coburns.
- ★THE APPLE CART. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bernard Shaw holds forth on the stupidities of rule by the people, in his dullest play.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The ignorant dorky's conception of the Bible story, beautifully played by a Negro cast. Marc Connelly's play is the high spot of the season.
- THE BLUE GHOST. *Forrest*—Nonsensical mystery stuff.
- ★A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY. *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Nazimova does fine work in Turgenev's comedy of life in Russia in 1840.
- THE OLD RASCAL. *Bijou*—William Hodge busts loose and writes a low-down, dirty play for himself.
- DEAR OLD ENGLAND. *Ritz*—Overworked little comedy about English country life. There is a goat who is a good actor.
- HOUSE AFIRE. *Little*—Rather dreary comedy about a bird in an ungilded cage.
- TROYKA. *Hudson*—Two convicts love the same woman. Dull stuff.



The Waltz that was too dreamy.
—Punch, by permission.

Musical

- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$6.60—A mob of girls and Will Mahoney in Carroll's masterpiece.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Gay, lively, colorful, tuneful and great fun. Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Cole Porter's music set to the antics of the Americans in Paris.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—One of the real hits. Clark and McCullough and the Brothers Gershwin supply the fun, words and music.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Ed Wynn in a magnificent Ziegfeld show.
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$6.60—Now Gertrude Lawrence is leaving, and only Harry Richman remains.
- ★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—The show is pretty good, but Bert Lahr is a riot.

(Continued on Page 28)

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your child romps across
the silver screen



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The Family Album



—Reprinted from LIFE, 1929.

Speaking of Prohibition.



—Reprinted from LIFE, 1900.

OF COURSE YOU CAN TELL FORTUNES WITH CARDS.

For instance, if the Jack of Clubs comes between the four and the ten of diamonds, and the following card happens to be the deuce of spades, it means that the next offer of marriage should be accepted.



Do you know a man who looks like this?

Movies

(Continued from Page 20)

cue German refugees from a native uprising.

The featured players are Jean Hersholt, Eleanor Boardman and Ralph Forbes. Mr. Forbes does well enough with a German accent . . . Miss Boardman is beautiful but not well cast . . . and Mr. Hersholt gives his usual efficient performance.

The photography, done entirely in technicolor, is commendable.

It might be well to inform you that the picture has no connection whatever with Dubose Hayward's novel, "Mamba's Daughter."

"Young Eagles"

ANOTHER film of war-time aviation adapted from "The One Who Was Clever" and "Sky High"—both by Elliott White Springs. They should have picked two other stories. Buddy Rogers, sometimes referred to by a well-meaning press agent as "America's Boy Friend," is the hero who brings down the German ace.

The important items are the performance of young Stuart Erwin (they'll be starring him soon) and A. J. Stout's aerial photography. The rest is fiddle-faddle.

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WE know that 86% of the men who make this test are convinced by it—become regular users of Palmolive Shaving Cream. And that is the proof of the pudding. Surely our chances are good of pleasing you. And if we can do that, you will be the first to want to know of it.

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A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products

in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed. They set a high goal for us, and our great laboratories responded. Behind them stood 68 years' experience in soap-making. But it was not easy.

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- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.



Now a test, please

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. For we have tried to please you. And we offer to convince you at our own expense. All you risk is a stamp—and a few days' shaves will do the rest. Will you mail that coupon now, please?

7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-869, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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GERMANTOWN, PA.
BALTIMORE . . . WASHINGTON
PITTSBURGH
CLEVELAND
TOLEDO . . . COLUMBUS
DAYTON . . . CINCINNATI
INDIANAPOLIS . . . LOUISVILLE
DETROIT
GRAND RAPIDS
CHICAGO
OCONOMOWOC, WIS.
MINNEAPOLIS
DES MOINES
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY, MO.
TULSA, OKLA.
NEW ORLEANS . . . MEMPHIS
NASHVILLE . . . ATLANTA
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.,
Inc., Home Office, 460 City Bank Bldg.
Kent, Ohio

MARTIN L. DAVEY
President and General Manager



JOHN DAVEY

1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Movies

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, MAMBA AND YOUNG EAGLES—In this issue.
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—Herbert Brenon's courageous version of the grim novel.
SARAH AND SON—Recommended for Ruth Chatterton's expert performance.
ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Jimmy Durante is very amusing despite his limited opportunities.
SONG O' MY HEART—Authentic reproduction of John McCormack's voice in a charming setting.
THE ROGUE SONG—Authentic reproduction of Lawrence Tibbett's voice in a garish setting.
THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King is one of the few tenors who fights and loves convincingly.
ANNA CHRISTIE—Greta Garbo triumphs in her first talkie with the help of Marie Dressler and Director Clarence Brown.
MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Moving drama of the U. S. Submarine Service.
CHASING RAINBOWS—Pretty good entertainment for those who are not sick of backstage plots, and we hope they both enjoy it.
STREET OF CHANCE—William Powell's remarkable characterization of a refined Rothstein.
SONG OF THE WEST—John Boles and Vivienne Segal badly handicapped by poor recording. Joe Brown and the scenery are good.

Records

TEN CENTS A DANCE . . . From "Simple Simon"
FUNNY DEAR WHAT LOVE CAN DO . . .
Ruth Etting—enough said. (Columbia)
LET ME SING AND BE HAPPY,
LOOKING AT YOU . . .
Fred Waring's band. Three girl friends sing the vocal choruses. (Victor)
I NEVER DREAMT,
HANGIN' ON THE GARDEN GATE . . .
Two moderately slow fox-trots, played by the Ipana Troubadours. (Columbia)
ANYTIME'S THE TIME TO FALL IN LOVE
Good tune. Phil Spitalny and band.
SWEEPING THE CLOUDS AWAY . . .
Red hot rhythm. Coon-Sanders band. (Victor)

Sheet Music

"Love's Happy Dream" (Three Little Girls)
"Letter Song" (Three Little Girls)
"To My Mammy" (Mammy)
"It Must Be You" (Mammy)
"Imagine" (No show)
"Lucky Little Devil" (No show)

**HOTEL
MONTCLAIR**
Lexington Avenue
49th to 50th Sts. N.Y.
Value! 800 Sunlit Rooms
with Bath and RADIO
Single \$3 to \$5—Double \$4 to \$6
Suites \$10 to \$12
Attractive Monthly Rates
S. Gregory Taylor, President

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)
(No. Seats) (Date)
.....
.....
.....
(Alternates)
.....
(Name)
.....
(Address)
Check for \$ Enclosed

This Advertisement appeared in
The New York Times, April 2

**Something for the taxpayer
to think about**

Last year individual tax-payers paid into the
Federal Treasury \$882,727,114.

The estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement
and loss of revenue is \$936,000,000.

Where does your Congressman stand on *Prohibition*?

MAIL THE COUPON AND WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWER



OF COURSE some people are interested in keeping the bootleggers in business.

LIFE, the magazine, isn't; LIFE wants Temperance, under sensible law. People who differ with us, tell us patronizingly that because Prohibition has become a part of the Constitution, there is nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain.

Do you subscribe to that?

Are you ready to admit that we must forever endure this farcical hypocrisy merely because we have a bad law on our statute books?

What utter nonsense!

Prohibition is doomed.

The Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed as soon as America makes up her mind to be rid of it.

There is enough public sentiment against Prohibition today to sweep it into the discard if only the millions who recognize its failure will band together in a great crusade.

Prohibition was not an overnight war time measure.

Patriotism was only the spring-board used by an astute minority that had for years been packing Congress and spending millions to gain its ends.

Washington is the neck of the bottle today.

Although a tremendous majority of the people want true Temperance, and are against Prohibition because it fails to give it, they are helpless until their protest becomes so loud that even the deafest ear can hear.

Where does *your* congressman stand on this vital question?

We will help you find out if you will fill out the coupon at the right hand corner of this page and mail it today.

Unless your representative at Washington is ready to come out flatly against Prohibition, let's replace him as soon as possible with a man who will.

Send the coupon now and let's find out where he stands.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE

Put your shoulder to the wheel

This advertisement was paid for by voluntary contributions from American citizens who want to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed.

This is page Number 2 of a series which is being published in the leading newspapers throughout the United States.

The first advertisement in the series appeared in the New York Times on March 12. It was paid for by LIFE and it started a mighty snowball of public protest which has rolled from coast to coast. Voluntary contributions from the first advertisement have been sufficient to date to carry its message into Chicago, Detroit, Boston, St. Louis; and donations are still pouring in.

Prohibition is doomed. The only question is: how long are we going to put up with an intolerable situation?

Advertising like this is sorely needed to crystallize public opinion and bring the decisive action needed for repeal.

LIFE needs your help

If you are sick of bootleg rule and hypocrisy, if you really want Temperance, if you want to see the end of this farcical law that is making us the laughing stock of the world, clip the coupon and mail it to LIFE today with your contribution. Even if you voted in the Digest poll, don't think you've done your share.

Send one dollar at least, more if you can spare it. LIFE guarantees to spend every penny to buy more advertising as forceful as this.

P. S. And remember, LIFE will mail your coupon to your Congressman at Washington.

IMPORTANT!—MAIL THIS TODAY

THE LIFE WAR CHEST

598 Madison Avenue, New York City

Dear LIFE: I favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Enclosed find dollars, my contribution to the good work. While there's Life there's hope.

Name

Address

City State

Send \$1 (as much more as you like).

LIFE agrees to forward this coupon to your Congressman.

This advertisement is sponsored by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

*And when
she parades the
avenue*

*She'll adore
these flowers from you*



Say it with

FLOWERS

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Rolf Armstrong, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! With such an All-American Beauty Team, LIFE will challenge the world!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Rolf Armstrong, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By R. M. CROSBY

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 21)

them was unquestionably, among bums, a stake horse. A bum of the first water. From the battered hat on his matted hair that joined forces later on with a still more matted beard, to the vari-colored trousers that flapped loosely about long legs, and shoes so worn they were more sandals than shoes, this man looked like a bum. He not only looked like a bum but he looked like a bad bum as well. When they led him from the Tub he got into the car first, as though taking no chances on being left behind.

Mrs. Smith followed with Nancy. In the abstract, her heart had always belonged to these "Homeless Wanderers whose Bedfellows are Hunger and Cold." Now she wasn't quite sure.

"Well," she said to Nancy, "He's nice eyes."

"How do you know? He's had 'em half shut since we came."

"I feel it," she said. She sighed. "We must be very kind to him, Nancy. He must have suffered terribly!"

The bum, hearing this last, obligingly stuck his head through the car window and said, quite briskly, "You'd be surprised!"

The ride back to the big house on the Avenue was a quiet one. Mrs. Smith asked him his name and he said, "Adolphe Menjou." The ensuing silence lasted until the three of them were stiffly seated in the dining room.

Here Mr. Menjou, as he had subsequently insisted on being addressed, did well by himself, and Mrs. Smith (who had intended to spend the afternoon entertaining him and had just decided to palm that one off on Nancy) plied him with food and wine. At the end of the meal (as each of the women had agreed to do as part of their research work) Mrs. Smith asked him for a brief account of his history; to tell her what had brought him to his "momentarily straitened circumstances."

With a long sigh and a patting of the stomach intended as a compliment to Mrs. Smith as a hostess, Mr. Menjou said, "It was this way."

He stopped. Encouragingly, Mrs. Smith said, "Which way?"

"The other way," said Mr. Menjou, slapping his thigh and roaring with laughter. "I want to be coaxed."

"Coaxed?"

"Coaxed. If I was a piannerer, an' you had me to a feed you'd coax me to play, wouldn't you?"

"Do tell us about it," said Nancy, looking at the clock.

"It was a woman done it," said Mr. Menjou. "I was a happy man till she come along. I'd still be happy, without her. But I loved her," he finished simply.

Mrs. Smith made sympathetic noises. Nancy tried not to look as bored as she was. She started making bunny rabbits with her napkin below the edge of the table. Then suddenly she became conscious that this man's eyes were on her and that they were strangely strong; eyes that pulled hers from her lap and held them. She realized then that he was telling his story to her.

"... loved her," he went on, "more than the night loves the moon or the day the sun. More than I had ever believed a man could love a woman."

"We were happy, she and I. Then one day after a stupid quarrel she sent me away. The light went from my life in that moment. My days were darkness, my nights things of torment wherein I'd see her face smiling as she used to smile at me, with love in her eyes and trust and understanding, and I'd lie awake until dawn just so I could keep on seeing her vision, even though it tore me apart."

Here he paused. Mrs. Smith had her handkerchief ready. She was hoping the end of his tale would make her cry.

April 18, 1930

Vol. 95 Number 2476

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CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer
NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be effected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

He went on: "Time after time I sought her, tried to see her. Always she sent me word that I was unwelcome. I couldn't believe that she didn't love me. I felt someone must be forcing her, keeping her from me. I kept on trying for just a moment with her, but always the same message met me. I began to believe then, but I still couldn't give up. I had to hear from her own angel lips that she wished me to stay in darkness. So, by a trick, I confronted her."

Mrs. Smith, who had felt during the last part of the recital much as though Abou Ben Adam was reproaching her for her sins, could stand no more. Sobbing violently, she left the room.

"How—what did she say?" said Nancy. Her eyes too were glowing now; they clung to the vagabond's.

"I'm waiting," he said, "for her to tell me."

"Why should you," said Nancy, "When by now you know?"

A few moments later Willingdrift entered the room. He was not surprised to see two people spring suddenly apart. Nor was he surprised to see that the vagabond's moustache (which Willingdrift, who knew about those things, thought abominably put on) had in some mysterious way been transferred from the bum's upper lip to Nancy's.

More about Nancy and Bill Sparks next week. Don't miss BEST MEN, another WILLINGDRIFT story.



In Spring

ANTICIPATE A SPORTING SUMMER

with the Sterling Petrel

The Matthews 46' sport cruiser with twin Petrels at 25 miles an hour affords a delightful ride. A 24,000 pound hull, heavily but scientifically timbered, adds a feeling of security.



Well Groomed Men

...prefer Glo-Co because just a few drops keeps their hair in perfect order all day long, without undesirable shine.

Glo-Co also relieves dandruff and stops hair from breaking or splitting. At all Drug Stores, 50c and 75c. Glo-Co Company, Los Angeles, California.

GLO-CO

Unscented

YOUR HOME IN SYRACUSE



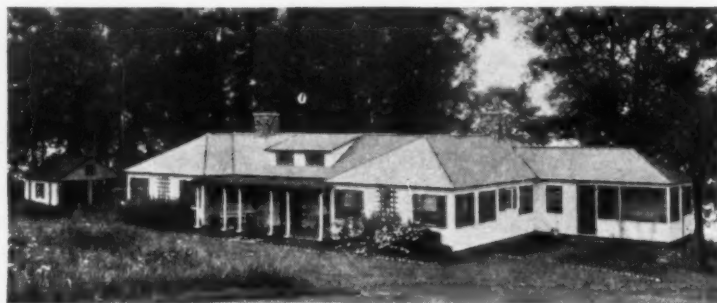
HOTEL Syracuse offers you a luxurious, modern home in Syracuse. You will enjoy its many comforts and conveniences. 600 outside rooms, each with bath and servitor. Excellent food and service.

POWERS HOTEL
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
under same management.

600
Rooms
\$3.00 up

HOTEL
SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE HOUSE ITSELF GROWS OVERNIGHT— ITS BEAUTY GROWS FOR YEARS



If you want an attractive, comfortable vacation home—and only your dread of the fuss and delay of building holds you back—the Hodgson method is the answer to your wish.

You choose a floor-plan from our booklet; we build your home in sections and ship it to you ready to erect. With some local help you can have it put up in a short time. If you want us to handle the job completely, we will send a Hodgson construction foreman to supervise all details.

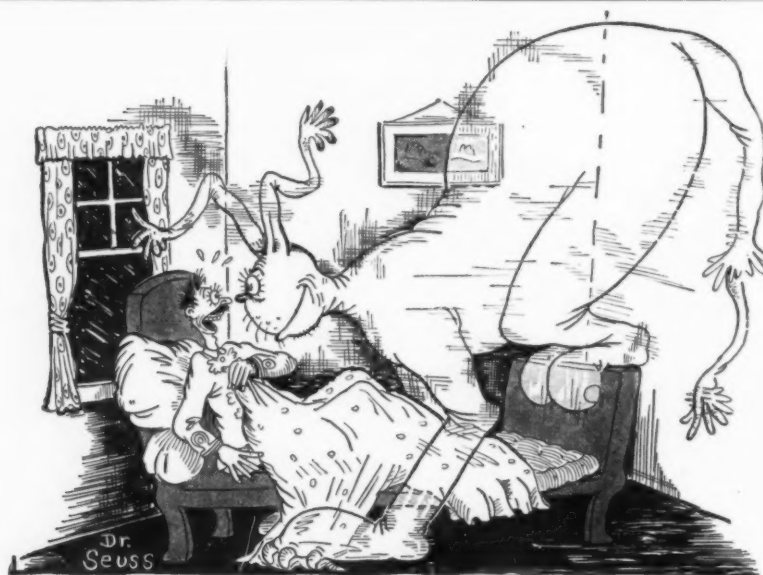
People of means are choosing Hodgson Houses like the one shown above, even when price doesn't count. For the quiet charm of a Hodgson

House comes from architectural "fitness" and good taste.

The sections fit tightly together, held rigid by heavy key bolts, and the finished house is sturdy and durable. You will have no repairs for years. Selected cedar and Douglas fir are used in construction.

Our free illustrated book L shows you a great variety of pictures, plans and prices . . . also furnishings and equipment. Write for it today, to E. F. Hodgson Co., 1108 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass., or 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

HODGSON Houses



Nightmare Victim: "Good Gosh! And not a drop of FLIT in the house!" —Advt.

For Your Convenience—the dotted line.

Write in your name and address, send it to LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., with the necessary check and receive a new LIFE every week.

634

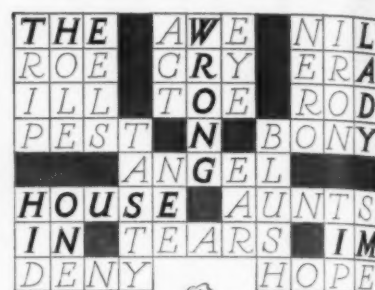
(Name)

(Address)

One Year (U. S. and Canada)..... \$5.00

Foreign \$6.60

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 31



Lady, I'm in the wrong house.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Marion F. Thorn,
1325 Paulson Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Explanation: When a felon needs a friend!

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

John Koopman,
676 Riverside Drive,
New York, N. Y.

Explanation: Don't worry about that, I'll see that you get into the right hospital.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Evelyn Katz,
307 South Boyle Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Explanation: Yeh, you've met the right person.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Mrs. Anne M. Warren,
703 Wertheim Place,
West End, N. J.

Explanation: A little explorer discovers the Amazon.

Answers to Anagrams

(On Page 10)

- (1) Swivel.
- (2) Unrest.
- (3) Credit.
- (4) Arcade.
- (5) Foreman.
- (6) Minister.

one tin of ten
equals
your favorite
15¢ cigar



Of course it's sensible! B. T. A.'s fit your briefest smoking moments . . . and save all the waste of half-smoked cigars.

**BETWEEN
THE ACTS**
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

© P. Lorillard Co.

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., New York.



"Where Does Your Congressman Stand on Prohibition?" is the headline of the Second Series of full page advertisements started in the *New York Times*, April 2nd (See page 29) . . . this second wave of protest, made possible by voluntary contributions from all over the country, is designed to show your congressman where you stand . . . with contributions coming in at the rate of over \$400 a day, LIFE will soon start throwing its advertising spotlight into the dark dry spots where enlightenment is most needed! . . . Among contributions received—a check for \$250 from a woman who has contributed large amounts yearly to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund . . . \$50 from L. C. Hanna, Jr., Treasurer of the "Crusaders" . . . no contributions have been received to date from Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, Wesley Jones or Senator Brookhart . . . Some letters of interest—

"I saw your advertisement in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* regarding prohibition. You omitted to mention that if the breweries were reopened 30,000 unemployed men in St. Louis would have jobs."—W. H. Miller.

"Here is \$6 to help buy us out of jail because we are all guilty. Honest men in every other way but just couldn't obey this law. This represents our entire organization, 100% strong, and if we had more in our employ, think they would all sign up for this good cause sponsored by LIFE."—F. S. Boyden, Chicago.

"I see *Time*, the magazine, suggested that you had an ulterior motive in your drive against prohibition and just wanted free publicity. Lots of people will think that, because lots of people have small minds and see ulterior motives behind any sincere effort. Probably *Time* thinks you stick some of the money taken in for the Fresh Air Farm in your pocket, too. Keep it up, LIFE—t' hell with the kibitzers!"—Harvey Conover, Larchmont, N. Y.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A walking-stick exhibited in London recently contained a sword, a pencil, a fountain-pen and a flask. That there is a serious omission everybody will at once recognize. Where is the gadget for taking stones out of horses' hooves?
—*Passing Show.*

"We
were
a happy family
aboard that ship"*



Of course they were! Comfortable accommodations—excellent food—courteous steward service—agreeable companions—ample deck spaces and public rooms—music—opportunities galore for shipboard fun of many sorts—all these were theirs on the trip to Europe, for about 3 cents per mile. You, too, can travel to Europe, this very summer, via TOURIST Third Cabin, for as little as

\$105 (up) one way

\$185 (up) round trip

From New York, Boston and Montreal to principal European ports. Choice of such steamers as *Majestic*, world's largest ship; *Belgenland*, famous world cruiser; the superb new *Britannic*, world's largest Cabin ship; *Doric*, and many others including—

Tourist Ships de luxe

S. S. *Pennland* and S. S. *Westernland* carrying TOURIST Third Cabin as the highest class on board in former Cabin accommodations. S. S. *Minnekabda*, carrying TOURIST Third Cabin exclusively. The ships of democracy.

*Quoted from a passenger's letter to us.

Ask us or the nearest authorized steamship agent for full information. No obligation.

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

**WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE**
International Mercantile Marine Company



LE MOMENT DÉSESPÉRANT (THE DESPERATE MOMENT)

When you are down to your last tin of truffles and
there is no relief in sight . . composez votre visage
(keep a stiff upper lip) . . Bien! (pronounced bien)

be nonchalant . .

LIGHT
A MURAD



PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



In Chicago, policemen who get too fat are to be discharged. I understand that an exception was made in the case of a constable who was overweight but accounted for it by the number of bullets he had received from local gunmen.
—*Passing Show.*

A man has run away from his wife eleven times. It is thought that he is under the impression that if he completes the twelfth time, he automatically becomes his own property.
—*London Opinion.*

A burglar who was arrested recently was found to have in his possession twenty toast-racks and a dozen biscuit-barrels. It is nice to think that even burglars have the decency to give their friends wedding presents.
—*The Humorist.*



Bob: Say, what's all this parity business?
Gow: Aw, it's the bunk. I bin carryin' Lulu here aroun' wit' me fer two years, an' I ain't been sick a minit.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

mental Congress, and with some complacency, too, for if one quaffs a beaker of liquor against rules, the misstep is evident to all friends and acquaintances whose olfactory sense is alive, but it would be very difficult to tell merely from looking at an individual that he had eaten some citron. The Bannings to dinner, of oysters, rack of lamb, macaroni and cheese, fresh asparagus, salad, and apple pie, all very fine, and fell to cards afterwards, gaining sixteen dollars. Then to bed with "Murder on the Marsh," as good a mystery tale as I have read in weeks, for albeit the agency of death does not fall into the classification which I wholeheartedly approve, the pains taken to make it effective obliterate all criticism as to its character, and I daresay it will be some time before I put on a pair of boots or slippers without examining them thoroughly.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Tones the Stomach
Improves the Appetite
Aids Digestion

Sample of Bitters by
mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

TRAVEL in EUROPE

59
years of
service

59
Foreign
offices

INDEPENDENT
Escorted
Private Auto
TOURS
Steamship TICKETS

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.
512 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

He caressed the nose of his COMMAND-AIRE while father fondled the bill



AN awkward situation it was too. Rupert held the plane, Father held the bill, and we held the bag.

Rupert was a minor, which was a new one on us. Heretofore, we had sold planes only to majors—not even to second lieutenants. The law says fathers are responsible for a minor's purchase of necessities. Then figure our chances of convincing him that Rupert's COMMAND-AIRE was a necessity.

But we did it. And now that the truth can be told, we did it by pulling out the old vox humana stop. "Mr. Hemingway," we asked, "you love Rupert, don't you, for if you don't, who can?" "I love Rupert dearly — yes, even expensively," was his quiet answer. Maybe it wasn't that quiet,

but it was an answer.

"Rupert," we continued, "is air-minded." "Thank Heaven, he's got something in his head, even if it's only air," interrupted Mr. Hemingway. But wise cracks and the tremolo stop don't mix, so we ignored the remark.

"Being air-minded," we resumed brilliantly, "his mind is on the air. Do you want him going up with friends in any kind of plane, or do you want him to go up in a COMMAND-

AIRE—noted for its stability?"

And we flashed our photographs of the fuselage riding test where the pilot leaves the cockpit and lets the plane guide itself. (See below).

"Furthermore," we began, but stopped suddenly, for Mr. Hemingway was writing a check—a check for \$5,675. And check writing, like a hair-cut, rates silence. "You've saved Rupert's life," he said brokenly, "and after all, no one, not even a show girl, can replace the expense of a son."

We don't condone Rupert's action. For a while he had us worried. If your father won't buy you a plane, tear out the advertisement and hand it to him. At the same time write us for a full description of this amazing plane and what it will do.



3 Place Sport, Powered by Lycoming, \$5,675

COMMAND-AIRE, INC., Little Rock, Arkansas

COMMAND-AIRE



HIGH TIME

DAYTIME — night-time — any time is high time to use Squibb's Dental Cream.

And what an ace for smokers! There's extra smoke tingle in every puff—because Squibb's protects your mouth. Deep into all the crevices go particles of Milk of Magnesia—neutralizing the acids that fuzz your taste—leaving a sparkle that lasts. Squibb's is half Milk of Magnesia—the best mouth-sweetener you could find.

Light up and smoke away! The sky's the limit. Only first make sure you get a tube of Squibb's from your druggist.

Listen to **WILL ROGERS** each Sunday evening at 10 'clock, New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 36

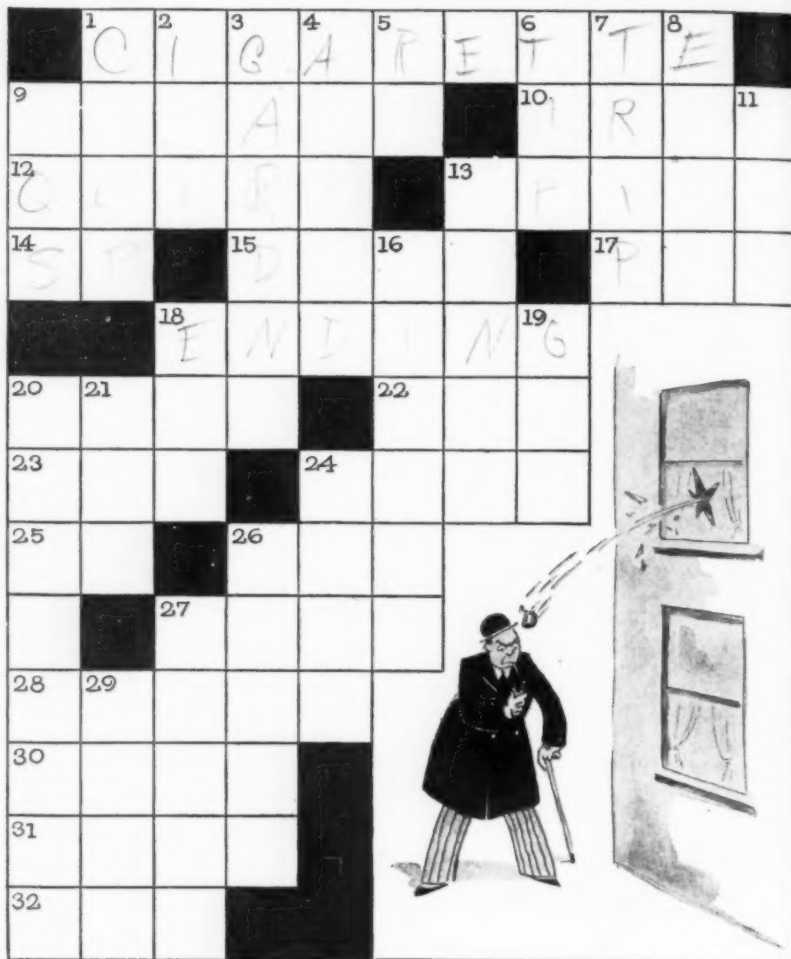
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, May 2. Winners will appear in the May 16 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. It takes a drag to get anything out of this.
9. Guide-posts on the straight and narrow path.
10. It takes skill to master these.
12. What the healthy pedestrian must be.
13. This keeps you upright.
14. The Sky-Pilot (Abbr.)
15. This stops many a run.
17. This comes up to scratch.
18. Found at the end of the book.
20. Placed in a prone condition.
22. There's wet weather ahead for this fellow.
23. There's many an old skate getting along on this.
24. A festival.
25. A large corporation.
26. Parity.
27. This shines at night.
28. Those which are present.
30. These should listen to words of wisdom.
31. This gives the bride away.
32. What enforcement officers must be.

VERTICAL

1. Even a Dry Senator can get this in his head.
2. What straw votes cause in Prohibitionists.
3. The work shop of a busy bee.
4. A dangerous place to meet a girl.
5. Recording Secretary (Abbr.)
6. Babe Ruth doesn't care for this kind of hit.
7. You can't take this and stay home.
8. An insurance company spells this another way.
9. You'll rave if you get this way.
11. Women often do this in circles.
13. What the "Drys" do when they read LIFE's Repeal Campaign.
16. These people get along the easiest way.
18. A cinch.
19. This is colorful.
20. Good for your finger exercises.
21. Something worth drawing to.
24. They'll take you for a ride if you give them this.
26. That's out.
27. Have this—for pity sake.
29. This kind of rain will be hard on you.



ACCELERATION...

EVERYONE who has seen wild ducks rise from the water and speed away knows what real acceleration is.

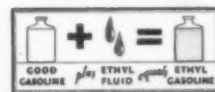
And there's real acceleration in the Ethyl-driven car, which moves smoothly ahead when the traffic sign says, "Go." That's because, when you buy Ethyl Gasoline, you give your car *two* things it needs: good gasoline *plus* the Ethyl anti-knock

compound developed by General Motors Research Laboratories, after years of research to create a better motor fuel.

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the smoking of every Camel
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